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The Rev. Albin J. Scheidler, C.P.P.S.
1910 — 1935

To Father Albin J. Scheidler, C.P.P.S.

Our Jubilarian

This would you be, and would no other be,
A priestly servant of your God,
To have His grace, and live but in His love
And seek your bliss but in the world above.

You've often framed a kind and faithful prayer
That suffering on this earth might cease;
And this you tried in earnest to devise
In Masses, deeds, and holy exercise.

In sweet accord with rules of sacred life
You brought God's peace to lonely souls
And asked His mercy on poor man's offense
That hope might be restored with confidence.

Now on your pathway through this dreary life
For you a crown of silver shines
In token that this happy day shall be
For you a priestly Silver Jubilee.

His Preface Wears a Helmet

● By Frederick Schroeder '36



I DARE you!" A preface wearing a helmet signifies nothing less than what this exclamation conveys. It is the business of a preface to march at the head of all that a volume contains. Singularly enough, it is not a volume of original writing that was provided with this daring preface. It was the Latinized Sacred Scriptures coming from the hands of St. Jerome. Though the volume was not original, excepting in as far as a translation can be original, yet the preface was original in concept and wording. Both preface and volume represent the labor of a mighty man, a mighty Saint, a mighty worker. Mostly robust in health, always vigorous in intellect, exceptionally daring in undertaking was this man of extraordinary genius, St. Jerome. To write about him exhaustively would not only mean a book, but books. This much I found out when looking up his catalog of works. My purpose in dealing with him in these few cramped lines has shrunk, therefore, to a mere passing consideration of the work

entailed by that volume of his which carries a preface capped with a helmet, the Latin version of the Bible known as "the Vulgate."

St. Jerome's Preparation

To issue a translation of whatever kind and to dare anybody in the world to do it better requires training in the task. Even a preface with a helmet would not shield a writer against a manifest lack of training. Not that Jerome in his earlier years had in mind that he would qualify to translate the Bible from Hebrew and Greek into Latin. Nothing appears to have been more remote from his mind. But he was a man of destiny. It requires a man of destiny to shoulder an extraordinary burden, and it was an extraordinary burden to make Moses and the Prophets speak Latin. At first, quite unconsciously, Jerome was preparing to shoulder the burden which Providence had assigned to him. At the age of thirty-four, the spirit led him into the desert, where for five years he lived as an hermit. He needed to know what silence and solitude imply if he was to deal with

the Prophets of the Old Testament. Later, he was ordained to the priesthood and came to settle in Rome, a city far more pretentious than his home town, Stridon, in Dalmatia.

Controversy, criticism, pamphleteering made up the order of the day in Rome as Jerome discovered at his coming. Being swift and sure with the pen, the newcomer found in that city just the atmosphere he could enjoy. Men of learning loved and befriended him. When they discovered, however, that Jerome was a man who used a cleaver instead of a mere sword in the game of criticism, they began to hate him. The shower of chips and splinters like hailstones in a storm that invariably came down when Jerome wielded his cleaver was too much for almost any man. But there was one in Rome for whom this shower was refreshing. He saw in it wonderful possibilities. This was another Saint, who held the chair of Peter at the time, Pope Damasus the First (366-384). To Pope Damasus, who gradually took note of Jerome, it soon became evident that here was a man of unusual powers as a linguist, a man who had extensive acquaintance with the Sacred Scriptures, and above all a man who feared nothing on this side of perdition. He was the man of the hour.

A more consistent and complete version of the Bible into Latin was sorely in demand. Who would be able to bend to the task of producing such a version? When a need becomes utterly pressing, God is always ready to give assistance. The

man who could and would do it had been directed to Rome, as it were, providentially. One, in whom others saw merely an enemy in the lists of criticism, Pope Damasus saw as an instrument of Divine help. He commissioned Jerome to furnish the Sacred Scriptures in an improved Latin version. No evidence is at hand that Jerome quailed before the commission. That he would encounter trouble, he knew; how much trouble, he learned only afterwards.

Jerome at Bethlehem

Fortunately, at Rome things were growing distasteful to Jerome about the time he received his grand papal commission. In the turmoil of controversy in which he became involved in that city, he could never have given himself to the required concentration and study demanded by the great project now in his hands. Accordingly, he set out for Palestine, the land hallowed by the labors and sufferings of Christ, the Son of God, Who is the embodiment of all that the Sacred Scriptures contain. Here he soon took up his abode at Bethlehem as a monastic, and in the quiet afforded by a life of at least semi-seclusion, he devoted himself with zeal to the mastering of the Hebrew tongue. Previously he had already attended lessons given in this language by a convert from Judaism. At Bethlehem, however, under the supervision of several learned rabbis, his knowledge of Hebrew attained such perfection that he felt secure in the under-

standing and use of that idiom. What labor it cost him to learn the original language of Moses and the Prophets is best described in his own words. He says in part, "I alone know, and those who were then my companions, what labor this study cost me, how often I lost courage, how often I abandoned and again took up my purpose, moved by the thirst of knowledge. I thank God that I now enjoy the sweet fruits of the bitter seeds of my studies."

The test of knowledge is its practical application — a modern truism known to Jerome fifteen hundred years ago. He would teach Hebrew to others while he himself was following out the study of that language. To solve difficulties for others in grammar and sentence structure helped to undo his own difficulties. That he should take time to trouble with the dullness of others is altogether astonishing. But Jerome found time for everything that might aid in making him proficient in the work he had resolved to undertake. In his busy mind there was no longer any plan for rest or vacation. A contemporary says of him, "He is forever immersed in his studies and his books; neither day nor night does he take any rest; he is forever occupied with reading and writing."

At length the period of preparation brought its ripened fruit. Jerome had mastered the Hebrew language. Latin and Greek of course were native to him. He was ready to begin the mighty work which put his name on the roster of the great-

est minds in the annals of literary achievement. Enormous research, extensive travel — he had traveled at least two thousand miles, something very unusual in his time and day—a close study of the geography of Palestine, a great deal of work in philology, all went into that preparation which resulted in a masterpiece of immortal worth, the "Vulgate."

The Vulgate

Desirable as it might seem that Jerome should have begun his work of translating the Bible with Genesis and should have ended with the "Amen" of the Apocalypse, yet that was not his method of work. His mind was too stormily energetic to bow to any such formal plan. He translated the books of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Latin as time and taste dictated. His preparation was so thorough that at his masterful touch any one of the books sprang from its mossy old Hebrew cocoon into a trim Latin dress in which it could greet readers of the western world in a more welcoming manner. The speed with which this transformation took place has ever astonished savants and scholars in later centuries. The space of a night for Judith; the space of a day for Tobias; the space of three days for the Salomonic books sufficiently indicates what space of time he gave to the other books. Errors, of course, could not be avoided where speed ruled the work. "Haste made waste" for Jerome as much as it has always done. Much laborious revision of

translation was required because of initial haste, revision that must have been more of a drudgery for him than was the furnishing of the Latin wording in the first place. Yet it is admitted by scholars who have made a close study of the "Vulgate" that the translation made by Jerome is far superior to any of the older Latin versions of the Sacred Scriptures.

Surely the entire work of giving a Latin version of the Bible would have been much easier for Jerome if, as scholars say, he had taken the "Septuagint" (285 B.C.) as his source. But Jerome wished to delve down to bedrock in his great work, and with this idea in mind nothing short of the original Hebrew could satisfy his purpose. Later on he did discover that the "Septuagint" rested on a far deeper bedrock than did the Hebrew text at his disposal. But his own translation would never have achieved that enviable fame which rightly belongs to it had he resorted merely to a Greek text as his original. Neither would there be any of the epic grandeur connected with the production of the "Vulgate" if the old Hebrew did not stand as source and parent of this Latin version with respect to the books of the Old Testament. It is pointed out that in some minor instances the Greek did serve as a source for Jerome — parts of Daniel and Esther by the way — but these parts are insignificant in extent. It has always been regarded as a mark of undeniable scholarship and earnest effort in mental work, if difficul-

ties are not side-tracked. Jerome did not shy at difficulties in producing the "Vulgate." He took the more difficult road in choosing the Hebrew original as his guide. In consequence the palm of scholarly fame has come to decorate his memory throughout the ages.

Jerome's work on the New Testament was more in the nature of a revision of the old "Itala" text than a free, first-hand translation from Greek originals. This revision shows all the earmarks of his usual hurried labor, yet it was so excellently done that a complete new translation into Latin was never considered necessary for a decade and a half of centuries. His translating the New Testament first may have been the result of his customary "time-and-taste" method, a method he followed in translating the books of the Old Testament; or it may have been done in obedience to his staunch and much admired friend, Pope Damasus. But the order which Jerome followed out in translating or revising the books of the Sacred Scriptures has no influence on the completeness of the work. The "Vulgate" stands complete as his masterpiece, though he may never have thought of calling his work by that name. Likely this name sprang up in succeeding ages to aid in distinguishing the Latin version of Jerome from the older Latin version known as the "Itala."

Any other learned man would have considered this biblical work sufficient to fill the span of a long life. For Jerome, however, this

work was not nearly enough to provide desirable employment for the length of his years from 340-420. Besides translating the Bible into Latin, he gave the literary world interesting writings by the armful. In most of these writings, his mighty cleaver of criticism was at work. He gave criticism freely and was ready at all times to take it freely in return. To prove his readiness in this respect, he placed at the opening of his Latin translation of the Sacred Scriptures that challenging preface wearing a helmet. For fifteen hundred years, the challenge issued by that preface has

never been met successfully. In very recent times, however, a new version of the Bible into Latin is in progress, a version that is very cautiously daring Jerome's helmeted preface. It would be delightful to hear or read what the "old cleaver wielder" would have to say about this new version if he were still alive. But Jerome, who in the midst of a most busy life of labor found time to advance in spiritual perfection equally as well as in learning, has in the meanwhile taken a fully justified place among the great Saints and Doctors of the Catholic Church.

My Ground

by

Cyril Gaffney '36

At San Juan, by the purple sea,
Is a spot reserved by God for me;
A plot beneath the deep blue sky
Where I shall rest when I must die.

It lies among the canyons deep
Where once the red-man's gods did weep;
'Tis here the whispering pines abound
On holy, hallowed, happy ground.

'Tis here where birds and beasts are king
Disputing space with everything;
They never bend to wrong or spite
And never doubt their natural right.

But when the Lord sends me a call,
I hope 'tis here the clods will fall;
Here shall I rest till Judgment Day
And note what rolling billows say.

Let the Buyer Beware

● By William Callahan '37

Doctor Spencer loves to speculate. He is tricked in a sale of land by a slicker, Mr. Gibson. But the Doctor knows how to retaliate.

THAT'S finished!" Doctor Spencer closed his ledger with a gruff bang. He addressed the exclamation to a casual visitor, a young graduate from college, who was idly thumbing some medical books on a neighboring desk. "I think I need a rest," the doctor continued, "before I go to a sale again. You know there is a sale of land going on at Clinton's place. I love to dabble in land buying. It takes my nose away from medicine bottles. But I must be all fussed up. You remember my telling you about selling land some time ago to Mr. Gibson without a perfect deed of conveyance, don't you? Well, confound that rascal, Gibson! He has my land now, and I have no way to force payment. He says he'll pay; yes, like the thief pays his victim, that's the way he'll pay. Practice has been rotten of late, too. People just don't get sick. Here I am, all in the red as my ledger shows. What I'll do next is — I'll just have

to rest a while; rest and think."

To this piece of crabbing the young man at the desk, Henry Staunton, made no reply beyond cracking a knowing smile. Receiving no answer to his effusion of chagrin, the Doctor began to whistle in soft, melancholy notes to allay his worries. There was a time, just a few years ago, when he had never even guessed that worries might enter his life. He was of a jovial disposition. All his life up till now had been pleasant, but the depression had brought a new element into his days. He could no longer meet his bills, and his creditors were hounding him by duns upon duns. Before the depression, Springville, the scene of his practice, had been a thriving town. Now its shops stood idle, its stores were mostly bankrupt, and, of its several banks, only one could still cash checks. The customary cheerfulness of the inhabitants of Springville had simmered down to gloom as its former prosperity settled down to want. The wolf of hunger was not, indeed, yapping at Doctor Spencer's door, but his creditors were doing a good deal of rapping. Henry Staunton, the young college graduate, before

whom Doctor Spencer was doing a lot of grumbling and mumbling on this occasion, represented one of his chief creditors. Staunton was the collector for a large medicine and drug company.

To get this young man, Staunton, to say something was the Doctor's purpose in exclaiming and growling as he did. Again he swung into the old tune:

"Confound this Gibson! He has my land but doesn't pay me for it. He is a dud, a chiseler, a sneak-thief, and what not. It looks as if I'll never see even the first two hundred he owes me. That two hundred is long overdue; no need talking about the rest. Yes, and he hasn't even offered to pay the interest on that two hundred! Staunton, I should have known better than to sell him my land on a defective record of sale; I know I should have. What do you say to that?"

"Yes sir, I guess that's right," answered Staunton, raising his eyes somewhat absent-mindedly from his book.

"How can I pay my creditors, Staunton, if my debtors don't pay me, tell me that? That rascal even goes so far as to say he paid me. What do you think of that?"

"All that I can think of is — well, I would say that you are a poor business man. To sell land on a deed of conveyance so defective that it fails to clinch payment has everything beat in the line of poor business that I ever heard of in all my life."

"Come on, come on now, Staun-

ton, don't be so hard on me. Why not be hard on the fellow who tricked me? Have a heart. If he doesn't pay me, how can I pay you? Stay with that point, won't you?" urged Doctor Spencer.

"I'll stay with one point alone, Doctor," replied Staunton, "and that is you owe my firm two hundred dollars. Pay it. I didn't come to tell you how to do it."

"Well, well, I think I have a way. That old rascal, Gibson, has the brass to send me notice that he wants to buy my horse. Why he is even sarcastic enough to say in his bid for my horse that now since I am landless I may as well be horseless. Surely, the less I have, the more he will have. I must bethink myself seriously as to how I shall get even with him in this bargain, if I am to bargain with him at all."

"Your way of getting even with that slicker, Gibson," replied Staunton, "will be to let him have the horse without a bill of sale and without cash. For one thing I am glad; you have no money for Clinton's sale today. If you had money, you would waste it on that sale. You know you would."

"This from you, my young friend, Staunton?" queried the Doctor somewhat embarrassed. "You talk about a slicker. I'll show you who is slick. Note, Gibson says in his offer that he wants to buy No. 5. By that name alone he knows my young, speedy riding horse. You know that I formerly had several horses. Their stalls in the stable

were numbered. No. 5 alone is left. He wants No. 5. That's what he shall have."

"No, no, Doctor, you cannot sell that horse." Staunton insisted. "It is the only handy means you have for visiting your patients. You surely don't mean to give up your practice entirely, do you?"

"Don't worry, don't worry, Staunton," said Doctor Spencer excitedly. "You'll see, you'll see. But I must hurry. Gibson says he will be here directly. He wants to buy No. 5. I know that the seller in making a bargain should beware, but the buyer — ah, what about him?"

Saying these words, Doctor Spencer rushed from his office out to the stable. He called his colored stable boy, and gave him minute and emphatic instructions.

"Note," he said to the stable boy, "take No. 5 to my neighbor Jones' stable across the street and put in that stall what I'm telling you. Do you get me? You know Mr. Gibson, don't you?"

"Yessuh, shoor, I knows Massa Gibson. But I's not understandin' what I should put that thing in the stall of No. 5 for. No suh, I don't know. But I'll do what you say, suh. Bet on me for that."

Feeling certain that the colored stable boy would follow out directions, Doctor Spencer hurried back to his office to await the coming of Mr. Gibson. He did not have long to wait. Quickly, the prospective buyer of No. 5 appeared with all the nonchalant air of a superior business man.

"Howdy, Doc," greeted Mr. Gibson as he entered the office. "Looking rather sober, what's got you? Doctors should always be jovial, don't you know? How about that bargain I proposed to you by mail? Thinking hard, are you? What in the world do you want with a horse anyway? Sell him to me; I mean No. 5."

"Naw, Gibson," interposed Staunton, "Doctor Spencer needs that riding horse of his for the purpose of making visits to his patients and to answer calls."

"Never mind, never mind, Staunton," returned Doctor Spencer. "My patients are so few that I can very well walk to do the required visiting. And as for calls — I shall be only too glad to walk if only I get them. Mr. Gibson wants No. 5, and I choose to bargain with him about the nag. How about it, Gibson?"

"That's why I came, Doc," assented Gibson.

"You say you want No. 5 in my stable; No. 5 is it, Gibson? Have you looked at No. 5 lately? Do you want No. 5 with all the good and bad qualities about him, just as he stands in the stall? I'm sure you don't want No. 5. You're just trying to slip one over me. You think you'll get that favorite horse of mine cheap, only to make a big profit when next you sell him. Go on, Gibson you can't fool me all the time."

"See here, Doc, I'm not fooling. I want No. 5. What's your price?"

"Price? No. 5 as he stands right now in the stable must bring two

hundred and fifty. Yes, that sum, or nothing."

"Too high, too high, Doc," objected Mr. Gibson. "What I'll give you for No. 5 just as he stands in his stall at this minute is two hundred and twenty-five and that in cash. Not a dollar more. Take it or leave it."

"You are hard at a bargain, Mr. Gibson, very hard. Go out and see No. 5 in his stall. You may decide that he is worth more than you are offering. Go out and see."

"Doc, I've seen No. 5 often enough. Two twenty-five for him—are you ready?"

"Cash?"

"Yes."

"Sold. Staunton, you're witness to this transaction."

After handing over the money, Mr. Gibson was off for the stable to get the horse he liked so well. As he came to stall No. 5, he could not believe his eyes. There in the place of a sleek, prancing bay stood a 'robot', the veritable image of Spark Plug exhibited in certain newspaper comic strips. As Gibson gazed at the dummy horse made of boxes and barrel staves, his rage bubbled into wrath. Was he to pay two hundred and twenty-five dollars for a mere toy which Doctor Spencer had displayed at a circus for children in Springville a few months ago? He called for the colored stable boy, but that lad had very wisely absconded. Burning with anger and threatening vengeance, he now hurried back to the Doctor's office and shouted upon entering:

"You dirty, cheating, double-crossing Spencer, what do you mean? Do you know what is in stall No. 5?"

"Certainly I do," replied Doctor Spencer calmly, "and you bought it."

"I did not," retorted Gibson, "I'll have the law on you."

"You will not have to wait long for a legal opinion," rejoined the Doctor. "Next door to me you'll find a law office. Come with me. You, too, Staunton, come along."

Upon receiving a detailed account of both sides of the case the lawyer turned to Gibson saying:

"You, sir, will have a poor showing in court. You claim there is a case of mistaken identity in the bargain you made. Perhaps there is. But from what I learn, you have refused to inform yourself when told urgently to do so. To spare yourself further expense, you better take your 'robot' and go. This will be the better procedure for you, especially since you cannot deny that you owe Doctor Spencer money for land. You have been trying to trick him out of his money. Now the bad breaks are on your side. You will do well to rest your case. Remember, sir, there is a legal axiom. It is, 'Let the Buyer Beware.'"

Red with chagrin, Mr. Gibson left the lawyer's office. If ever he had been flustered in a bargain, it was right here and now. The Doctor whom he considered a poor business man had put one over him and a bad one at that. That he would do something about the matter was his

LET THE BUYER BEWARE

intention, but what he would do, he could not even faintly guess.

Meanwhile Doctor Spencer turned to his companion, Staunton, asking ironically:

"Who do you think is the slick fellow now, my dear Staunton? Here is the money to pay my bill to the medicine and drug company you represent. Over and above that I have a neat little sum to cover the interest due me on the first payment for the land I sold to Mr. Gibson fully two years ago. I may have been a fool then to sell without per-

fect deed of conveyance, but I am also wise enough to retrieve my losses."

"Doctor, I must admit you're a fox," said Staunton laughingly. "But I must be going now."

"Only a fox? Why my good friend, I still have my sleek, prancing bay, my No. 5, and money to boot. But, if you must be going, then good-bye to you. Thanks for your service as witness to my bargain. So long. I want to see you again."

I Shall Never Ask For More

by

Paul Zeller '37

Piercing ray of strongest truth,
Sweetest joy in cheerful tone,
Friend, enjoyable forsooth!
Why, because we are alone?
No! we hold no fondling hands;
Truth we hold, which understands
Living with the soul in one.

Dastard wealth to flames may go,
Flash and pomp with all their kind
Fast to ruin may they flow —
Give me but a friend to find,
I shall never ask for more;
Never need be more in store —
Friend, as you, we're one in mind.

When the sun in darkness dies
Light from you is shining bright
Erstwhile hidden in your eyes
Now for me a source of sight
Whilst we bind our friendship true
Strong as heartstrings, me to you —
Bond that strife and time defies.

He Ruled without Nose and Tongue

● By John Hoorman '36

BE it mine to read of immortal, historical curiosities! To my great pleasure a tiny show window, this time in the form of written annals, recently forced itself upon my attention by a display of gorgeous relics belonging to the imperial house of the long defunct Roman Empire of the East. The little show window almost betrayed me into thinking momentarily that I was in Constantinople itself. The relics I beheld were figures of emperors whose memory is now all dusty and rusty. But I like historical curios. My show window in the form of annals was literally filled with them. It offered splendid specimens, ordinary specimens, menial specimens. Long and earnestly I contemplated one of the menial variety. At first I could not endure this specimen, but like "vice when seen too often, stirs up pity," so this neglected royal curio took my sympathies. Finally I decided to sketch in writing what I saw.

He was much inferior to others who stood alongside of him in that diminutive display, but he was none the less of royal stock, this Justinian the Second, who enjoyed two turns at ruling as Emperor and

twice experienced what it means to be deposed. He could not avoid being assassinated; for this hard fate was no special privilege among the eastern Roman Emperors. But that he would be particularly marked out for this harsh privilege may be gathered from his personal character and the events of his reign.

His Character

Peevishness, indolence, cruelty colored the life of the second Justinian of Constantinople. Through his name alone he derives a bit of luster from the renowned Justinian the Great, his predecessor on the Greek throne by fully a hundred and forty years. From some of his doings it is evident, however, that he sought to emulate the glory of his great predecessor. In public buildings, for instance, he thought of copying the glory of St. Sophia, a basilica structure which stands firm and solid to this day and has so thoroughly embalmed the memory of Justinian the Great that the mould of ages has not been able to destroy this inspiring memory. But Justinian II, even if born in a palace and reared amid regal splendor, could not as much as make a faint gesture

at imitating this architectural wonder wrought by his great namesake, who, by way of contrast, was born on a farm and was reared amid the crudest, rustic surroundings. All that he could do successfully was to practice the most unscrupulous rapacity, and to satisfy this ugly vice, resort to an unbearable oppression that stung his subjects into rebellion. Like all rulers, he wanted to be master of all he surveyed, but, like all foolish rulers, what he surveyed was only hatred of himself. How could he be master in public affairs, when he could not even be master in his own household?

It may be questioned, but it is related in certain histories, that the house of Justinian II was a wildcat's den. His aged mother, a real ter-magant, lived with him in the palace. She wished to have a hand in the management of affairs. She paid dearly, however, for her meddlesomeness if, by chance, she happened to overlook any matter of importance, for then the monarchical prime minister, being vexed at her negligence, would not hesitate to use a whip on her in telling fashion. Justinian could do nothing to prevent this abuse, neither could he put a stop to the doings of his minister of finance who barbecued the tax gatherers alive over a slow fire when these officials failed to deliver the required sums in money, and that punctually. This impending and fierce punishment made the tax gatherers ruthless in their methods of collecting tax dues — ruthless towards a people already grievously

burdened with poverty. Recourse to rebellion was the only means left to the people for getting rid of a ruler who was a contemptuous weakling and an odious tyrant.

His Dethronement

Seeing no end to tyranny, the people and the soldiery willingly followed the lead of Leontius, the commander-in-chief of the army, who in a swift uprising deposed Justinian. Not desiring to put the deposed Emperor to death, Leontius determined to make him unfit for regaining and holding the throne at any future time. Hence he had Justinian's tongue cut out and his nose cut off and banished him to the Crimea, where he hoped that the Khan of the Khazars, a perfect Tartar in temper, would make an end of him. Leontius now assumed the purple, but he did not wear it for long. Being a usurper, another usurper, Tiberius Absimarus, soon deposed him, cut off his nose in turn and sent him to a monastery. This quarreling between usurpers turned out to the advantage of Justinian, who was quietly enjoying his exile and was carefully mapping plans for future operations.

Surprising and almost impossible as it seems, Justinian, minus nose and tongue, found occasion for high romance in the land of his exile. The Khan of the Khazars did not do away with him as Leontius hoped, but deeply befriended him. As time wore on Justinian married the sister of the Khan. His

must have been a truly magnetic personality that, while in exile deprived of nose and tongue, he could stage a rather pretentious wedding. News of Justinian's happiness and success in exile reached the ears of the second usurper, Tiberius Absimarus, who promptly ordered the Khan to oust his newly-found brother-in-law from the Crimea. Accordingly, Justinian left the abode of his first exile and betook himself to the Bulgarians, who were the sworn enemies of the usurper at Constantinople. Here his affairs prospered unexpectedly well. The Bulgars befriended him even more than did the Khan. They resolved to put him back on the throne of his fathers.

Rules without Nose and Tongue

Using the plea of restoring the rightful heir to the throne of the East Roman Empire, the Bulgarians took up arms against the usurper, Tiberius Absimarus, in Constantinople. In their baggage they brought Justinian. Coming suddenly and unexpectedly, the Bulgarian army took the city by storm, killed both Absimarus and Leontius, with many of their followers, and reinstated Justinian II. Would this adventurous weakling now prove to be wiser in affairs of government than he was during the first part of his reign? Bitter experiences had come his way to teach him a lesson; he did not profit by the lesson in the least.

Being Emperor once again, this

time by the grace of a curious turn of fortune, Justinian should have tried to devise relief for his poverty-harassed subjects. Instead of using his chance for this purpose, he spent his days in busily devising means of revenge on the adherents of his enemies. It is said of him that every time he had to blow his "stubbed nose" he caused one of his enemies to be executed. Thousands of them were detained in prison to accommodate the whims of this ruler with a perverted mind. Well might they pray that the Emperor should not take a cold. Yet, it is said that by frequent sneezing and by blowing what should have been a nose, he caused many a head to roll at the stroke of the sword. Ugly and tyrannous as this practice was, if indeed it is true, it was excelled by faithlessness toward his former friends, the Khan of the Khazars and the Bulgarians.

On the flimsiest pretext he made war on these, his staunchest friends, only to be badly beaten. Provinces of his Empire even began to fall into the hands of Arabs; his subjects again became utterly dissatisfied; his peevishness, rapacity, and oppression knew no bounds. For eight long years after his restoration to the throne, this curiosity without nose and tongue continued to rule in what was the most beautiful city in the world at that time. His own doings marked him for assassination. The usurper, Philippicus, rose against him. In this uprising, Justinian II was killed, and with him the royal house of Heraclius to

which he belonged came to an inglorious end in 711.

In three ways, my little annalistic display window, which first attracted me to take notice of my odd theme, shows that Justinian II has parallels in history; namely, as a tyrant he has many equals; as a fool in government he has many equals, as an immortal, historical curiosity, his equals are legion. No wonder that it is often said that govern-

ment is a necessary evil. This saying derives its meaning from rulers like the second Justinian of the East Roman Empire of which Constantinople was once the capital. This city has now lost its glorious name. The Turks call it Istambul. But the change of name does not change the city or its history. It will always be reminiscent of immortal glories and immortal curiosities.



Night Comes

by

Edward Gruber '37

When in the west the world is silver plated,
And ghostly shadows sprawl upon the clay,
I grieve that joy of evening is abated
Before the march of stars
That come at first with colors faded;
Then in their brilliant fires turn to chars
Before the light-hued blue of new-born day.

I love the calm that grows on me so gently
When evening rings the curtain down on day,
And things about me rise in shapes, as nightly
Will bring their usual fright
For those who may not see them rightly,
The while these are for me a rare delight,
As 'twere if ghosts and goblins joined in play.

May those who hold sweet Night in hate and loathing,
Observe its passing wept by dewy tears,
As Morning stoops to kiss the dusky darling
Which clings to her fair breast
With fondness of forsaken foundling
That greets this parting kiss with one request,
That day shall quickly pass with all its fears.

Impressions at an Opera

● By Frederick J. O'Brien '37

HEY buddie, would you like to attend an opera tonight?" Upon learning that these words were addressed to me, I unhesitatingly replied, "yes." My questioner then gave me two tickets for the evening's performance, stating that he would be unable to use them personally, and that he would be happy if someone would derive good from them. I thanked him graciously and then ran as quickly as I could to announce the news of my good fortune to the family. Here was a grand opportunity all ready for me to enjoy.

The opera was to begin at eight. My brother and I were there at seven. Fancy our delight, when the smartly liveried usher directed us to the best seats in the house. Trying to act as if attending an opera was a usual occurrence in our social life, we sank leisurely into the richly upholstered seats. We found many things of interest during the time intervening between our arrival and the beginning of the opera. The grand play house with its glittering chandeliers, skillfully executed mural paintings, and red plush furnishings was so strangely beautiful that my brother and I were quite awed

by the display. The large audience momentarily took our attention. It consisted of all types of people, the elite and the common. Prominent and distinguished-looking gentlemen dressed in "what the fashionable man will wear for formal gatherings," were there. Women, flitting about like brilliant butterflies of every hue and color, lent brightness and brilliancy to the gathering.

One by one the orchestra members entered the pit, assembled, and tuned up their instruments. A shout and a roar of handclapping immediately greeted the conductor as he made his appearance. With smiles and a profusion of bows, the little Italian maestro acknowledged his grand reception. Breathlessly we watched him raise his baton, signal for silence, and indicate the tempo. He lowered his baton. Instantly the string section began to play softly, murmuringly like a zephyr in harmony with the gesticulations of the director. As his antics became more violent, the wood and brass instruments took up the score and added volume and tempo to the music. The booming and crashing of the percussion instruments brought on the grand

climax. The music gradually softened and the orchestra faded away in a decrescendo. My brother and I sank lower into our seats, cozily enjoying the thrilling after-effects of the overture so artistically played by that symphony orchestra.

As the music changed from an intricate melody to a "tempo di ballo," the immense curtains of the stage swung gracefully open. My breath almost failed as I saw the gorgeous scene before me. I think it affected my brother equally as much. Its brilliancy and splendor far surpassed any other display that I ever beheld. There before me opened a magnificent salon of the fifteenth century. Nobles, ladies in waiting, courtiers, cavaliers and pages, clothed in brilliant garments of every hue and covered with jewels, were moving to and fro, apparently unconscious of the huge audience that clung with all its senses to their every step.

I forgot the beauty of the costumes, the splendor of the stage, and everything about me when through the glare of the footlights and the hum of the orchestra came the sound of a human voice. Its richness and artistic quality transported me with pleasure. The beauty of that voice I shall remember above all else that I saw or heard. James T. Fields describes my sentiments on the occasion in what he says concerning the voice of the hunchback, Nicholas Tacchinardi:

"Pale Tacchinardi —
Burst into a grand bravura, shower-

ing notes like diamond jets,
Sang, until the ringing plaudits
through the wide Odeon rang,
Sang as never soaring tenor behind
those footlights sang."

The soaring voice that won my admiration was not that of the hunchback, Tacchinardi, but of the hunchback, Rigoletto.

The power of that voice, palling, pushing; appealing, revolting, moved me like the wind tosses an autumnal leaf about. Thus I was heaved up and down for two blissful hours, as the story of the famous opera, with every golden note and graceful movement, gradually unfolded itself. Trying to follow the story, I often took hurried glances at my libretto. My brother in the seat next to mine was completely enveloped in astonishment. He forgot all about his libretto.

A god-like tenor, swirling, flirting, soaring, next arrested my attention. Tearing my eyes from him and glancing at my libretto, I found that he impersonated the worldly and debauched Duke of Mantua. I discovered this too late, because the magnetic quality of his voice had so overpowered me that I was unable to regard him as his character required. Who was that ugly hunchback with whom the Duke was gayly jesting? Consulting my libretto, I read: "Rigoletto, a hunchback buffoon or jester to the Duke of Mantua." As the drama progressed I noticed that he was not the ordinary kind of jester, but was a cruel tool of the licentious Duke. What-

ever his character might be made no difference to me, for his voice was enthralling and his versatility in changing from triplets of joy at other's misfortunes into sonorous sobs at his own adversity engrossed my mind with an extraordinary sense of beauty.

In the second scene, Rigoletto appeared on the stage again. But he was now so changed that it was only with difficulty that I could recognize him. He had cast aside his bells and satin court dress for the black attire of a respectable gentleman. Entering the courtyard of his home, he was met with great demonstrations of affection by a beautiful young girl. A person near me whispered that she was Gilda, the daughter of Rigoletto. The timber and simplicity of her voice suggested innocence and virtue.

Two hours passed. The third, the grandest of the opera, was at hand. Rigoletto and Gilda were seen peeping through the crevices of the wall of a very shabby looking inn. As the curtains parted completely, I was intent on every movement of the performers, because two of Verdi's most famous songs were sung in this act. Ah, the Duke was singing again. Breathlessly I listened as he sang the famous "La donna e mobile." I had heard this song before, but never did I hear it so artistically sung as the Duke sang it now. Hardly was there time enough for me to awaken from my trance when the Duke began the famous quartet. The fickleness of the Duke, the coquetry of Mad-

delene, the anguish of Gilda, and the revenge of Rigoletto, all are so skillfully expressed in Guiseppe Verdi's most famous composition that no psychologist could describe these manifestations of passion more aptly.

The climax, the anticlimax, the denouement, came. Then the curtains again glided across the stage, shutting the final scene from view.

Bewildered, flushed, and thrilled, my brother, who by now had come down to earth again, and I joined the huge crowd in applauding the singers. Four times these human songbirds were called before the curtain to receive special ovations. At each curtain call the applause became louder to show the appreciation of the audience for the delightful entertainment given. Gradually the crowd dispersed.

In passing through the crowd, my brother and I elbowed through all classes of people, rich men, poor men, society women, music lovers, all of whom had just witnessed one of the noblest and finest exhibitions of art. I wondered just what impression the opera made on them. Did that society woman come to the opera because she is a lover of music, or did she come for the mere satisfaction of being seen at a huge social gathering? Whatever her intentions may have been for coming does not concern me. Mine were sincere, and I think my brother's were likewise. He and I wished to use a splendid opportunity to advantage, and we did so. We enjoyed both the major and the minor de-

IMPRESSIONS AT AN OPERA

tails of the artistic treat that had come our way by a lucky chance. We found the magnificent opera house interesting in its architecture, in its mural paintings, in its general beauty. The busts and other sculptured figures, excited within us a feeling of elegance and refinement; the music and the splendid voices of the singers gave us transports

of delight; the story of the opera and the skill of the performers pleased us. Surely my brother and I would be pleased to meet the friendly fellow who gave us the tickets and to express our sincerest thanks for the exceptional and profoundly delightful favor which he, so unexpectedly, had extended to us.

Have Pity On Us

by

Leslie Henrikson '36

In patient love,
With hope for entering there
Where all is joy,
We ask your prayer.

We are the souls
Who burn with fierce desire
That by your aid
You'll calm this fire.

Our tale of faults
From us demands its due;
To ease its weight
We call on you.

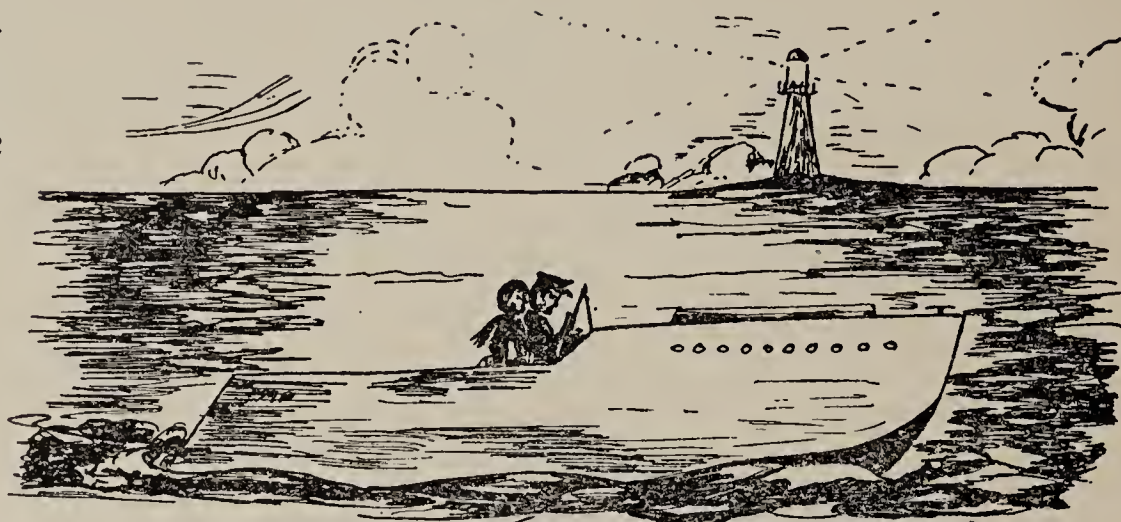
With your kind deeds
To help us meet our cause,
Our trial will end
Before God's laws.

Your prayers and deeds,
That come from sacred love,
Will help us home
To God above.

It Happened One Night

Eddie and Jean plan to make a get-a-way to film-dom. Jean's father tries to foil their plan by masquerading as Eddie but is worsted in the attempt.

● By Stanislaus Meiring '36



They sped along — wordless.

THE last of three doors had been opened by a stealthy hand. A flashlight cut the darkness of the smelly room. Its beams threw the dancing shadow of a young woman on the wall. In a corner, formed by some old fish barrels, she stood tense.

"Jean," whispered the man holding the torch.

"Oh, Eddie! It is really you at last. I was terribly frightened by every sound, and the rats are horrid."

"Did you wait long?" His voice was raspy.

"Not very. But it seemed ages. I was afraid you had been caught."

"Not yet. Are you ready?"

"You're sure there's no one about?" asked Jean in a hushed voice as she started for the door.

"Quiet! the watchman just passed."

"Oh isn't it perfectly thrilling!" exclaimed the girl, squeezing her companion's arm. "Won't father be furious when he reads my note? I hate to treat him so, but he is the most unreasonable of men. Why should he want to spoil my chances for a career?"

Eddie mumbled an incoherent reply.

"What's the matter, Eddie? You're so strange tonight." The girl peered anxiously at her companion in the gloom.

"I'm worried about pursuit. Your father may have found your note by this time," explained Eddie.

Jean Branton, sub-deb, was the only child of George Branton, of the theatre chain. Seven years of his youth had been spent behind footlights. He loved the stage; he never forgot the thrill of applause nor the joy of make-believe. He was like-

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

wise eminently practical. Having married a charming actress, his ambitions soared beyond the uncertain remuneration of an actor. He quit the stage and invested his savings in a small theatre. Business acumen, knowledge of art, and hard work finally caused the name "Branton" to flash from the signs of some of the leading theatres of Manhattan.

His daughter had the stage in her blood. Modern child that she was, her ambitions turned to the films. Several times she had contacted the casting offices of movie companies. Her beauty, ability and name opened opportunities. Only Branton's aversion for the screen restrained her from signing a contract. Of course the Branton houses ran pictures, but "old George," as his actor cronies dubbed him, had his own notions of art and drama. The stage was king in his heart. He could not permit any of his family to desert it for the camera. The stage was his daughter's natural heritage, and he could not bear to have her despise it.

Eddie Gordon, Jean's childhood friend, hoped to be another Frederic March. Opposition from both their families had driven the two young aspirants together for mutual consolation. At last they decided to rebel. They would make a dramatic exodus across the river to Jersey. Thence they would fly to Hollywood.

Unfortunately for them, George Branton had learned of the plot. Shortly after Jean had left her home, a Fifth Avenue mansion, her father followed. His histrionic ex-

perience enabled him to disguise himself as Eddie.

Meanwhile the two run-a-ways hastened silently along the wharf. After a few minutes Eddie said softly, "Here's the boat."

Quickly they descended into a small, trim, speed boat.

"This is the 'Reliance'," asserted Eddie.

"I thought so, but I couldn't be sure. Any difficulty in getting it?"

"No." This did not sound like Eddie at all.

"What's the matter, Eddie? Are you still worried?"

"I'm really nervous. Old George might send me to prison for kidnapping you."

"Oh, don't say that! Didn't I suggest this scheme and urge you to come along?"

The sudden roar of the powerful engines cut out all possibility of conversation. Swinging into the stream they found the entire river a vast sheet of polished jet marble with veins of white shot through it from the shore lights. Save for the glare of the city, the sky was unlit. They sped along — wordless. And then without warning a huge black shadow took form. Like a ghost it hung suspended above the waters.

"Eddie!" shrieked the horror-stricken girl.

The boat swerved suddenly. With a rending, a snapping, and a creaking, the swift craft crashed into a "blind" tramp steamer. Into the speed boat's shattered bow rushed the waters of the Hudson.

Jean was grasped by her companion. "Dear child," he cried, "are you hurt?"

"Father!" She was filled with amazement, fright, chagrin.

"I found out about your plans, and followed you. My men took care of young Gordon when he reached the warehouse. He should be freed by this time."

In the darkness the daughter recognized her father's profile. Suddenly the boat listed forward, causing the pair to clutch at each other.

"Dad, we're sinking!"

Just then a launch came into sight and bumped their gunwhale. In the excitement neither had heard its motor. A voice shouted:

"Hurry aboard. That tub will sink in a minute. Come, Jean. Come on, Mr. Branton."

They boarded the launch.

"Oh, Eddie, it is you! Thank heavens you followed," Jean cried, as young Gordon led them to seats.

"Gordon?" queried the theatre magnate. "Well, son, sorry I was so rough with you. My daughter and I appreciate your rescuing us."

"Forget it, sir. Cigarette?"

"Thanks," said the older man. After a pause he continued, "It seems that you two are determined to try the movies. If you must, then Jean, you may as well go tomorrow. After I talk to your father, Eddie, I think he will let you go with her."

On the next day, Eddie and Jean recalled their experiences.

"That was clever on the part of Dad, wasn't it, Eddie?" laughingly ventured Jean.

"Clever? Say! if it had not turned out the way it did, I would call it a rogue's trick. But then we were roguish, also," returned Eddie.

"Then it's merely the case of one rogue outwitting two others. How about it?"

"Oh, forget about it, Jean. I know what you're driving at. You want me to tell you how your father treated me at the docks last night. Well, he had the police corner me for about twenty minutes, asking me this question and that. They finally let me go. Of course, this was all prearranged by your father. I then obtained a launch and tried to head you off. You know the rest. What I want to say is that your father is a good impersonator and a good actor, but he isn't worth much when it comes to handling a launch. Lucky for us that he isn't. But let's be off for Hollywood! Our first experiences ought to make us stars of the film world. The train leaves at four this afternoon, so I'll see you at the station. So long." With a happy grin, Eddie left her, went home and packed his luggage for the long trip.

When the train left that afternoon, both Eddie's father and Jean's father were at the station to see the young adventurers off for the field of their cherished ambitions.

The Dreamer, a Practical Paradox

● By Frederick Steiningger '36

THE dreamer is worthless; the world considers him so; history proves him to be so. In the conventional and popular creed of people, the dreamer is branded as impractical, as visionary. He is regarded as a fellow who tries his best to keep one foot on the earth and, of course, hardly succeeds in the attempt; while his other foot is stepping — God only knows where.

Many so-believed practical people will have it that the dreamer's one intrinsic merit is power of imagination, but, they maintain this gift is the boon of the artist, the poet, the musician. What value has it in a world of realism? In its strongest form, it does not help the dreamer or anybody else in turning a furrow, in preparing a meal, or in making or mending a suit of clothes. Mere fantastic stuff, this dreamer business!

Yet, in the final analysis, the dreamer is the practical thinker. Paradoxical as it may seem, he is the architect of greatness. He marches in the vanguard of humanity; he has heard the voice of destiny calling to him from the fathomless depths of time and naming him as the one who must pave the road to future development, the road over

which mankind is to travel, generation by generation. The visions that come to him contain a prophecy of what the world will be tomorrow. Civilization depends on him to assist in dispelling the fog of ignorance and to make the light of progress shine more brightly. In his practical capacity, the dreamer has performed countless human miracles in times past, and the future will not and cannot be ready to dispense with his ingenuity.

Did not many of the greatest in the world find it necessary to wait for the advent of progress and civilization until some dreamer thought of discovering them? Are not governments and schools the vision of one or the other lonely dreamer? Does not their advancement depend on further dreaming? Furthermore, does not the lion's share of the credit go to the dreamer when there is a question of facilities, conveniences, and comforts that add so much to the pleasure and ease of social life? Not only, indeed, in the blessings belonging to social life does the score of credit stand favorable for the dreamer, but also in the widely extended field of scientific discovery the realization of his

dreams demands generous acknowledgment. Almost daily, the fruit of a new dream that evolved in the mind of an adept dreamer comes into the world's markets as a welcome surprise to a novelty-loving public. Yet, in spite of endless commodities furnished by the dreamer, his occupation is stigmatized as impractical.

Certainly, there are dreamers and dreamers. Perhaps it is that variety of the species known as daydreamers which has done much to bring even what is known as practical dreamers into disrepute. People forget the tugging drudgery by which the sensible dreamer has lifted them above the commonplace, every-day ugliness of life, and in their forgetfulness in this respect, they are glad to indulge in a laugh or a joke at the expense of social benefactors, as well as at the expense of social nuisances. The practical dreamer, of course, is a paradox. People in general cannot be expected to see through paradoxes and recognize the grain of truth in a bushel of chaff. That they should see the ludicrous and worthless side of things more readily than the valuable and beneficial side is consistent with their native desire for pleasure and fun. Hence it comes that the practical dreamer will have to bear much of the unmerited reputation for idiocy which by right should go fully only to the impractical daydreamer.

Worse than ridicule are obstacles thrown in the way of the practical dreamer. Ridicule may bring on sore feelings and depressed spirits; the man with real brains in his head

will know how to frustrate these effects. Obstacles, though, whether physical or social, are a real menace to success in any undertaking. That obstacles of both kinds may be used to impede the realization of a dreamer's visions, eminently promising though these may be, is readily gathered from the lives of explorers and inventors in every realm of knowledge. If opposition and threats failed to produce desired restraint, it was fondly hoped that prison walls could confine a goodly dream as well as the dreamer himself. But obstacles of whatever kind and prison walls however thick have never been able to kill a practical dream, though they may have been able to check its progress and bring useless and tedious drudgery to the dreamer. Certainly, it is not to be said that a dreamer's visions should never be tested, for if that were the case, the practical dream could never be distinguished from the daydream, nor the excellent dream from the mere fad. But it may be contended that in many cases the tests have been too severe or at least too long drawn-out with the result that the poor dreamer himself received no benefits or emoluments from the lucky dream that came to him. Fortunately the world has learned its lesson to some extent from the regrettable consequence of its treatment of practical dreamers in the past. There are hopeful signs at present that a dreamer of a worthwhile dream will find better chances to have his vision materialized.

But the lesson which the world

THE DREAMER, A PRACTICAL PARADOX

has gathered from its old-fashioned treatment of the practical dreamer has not yet minimized the sting of ridicule which this sort of man must endure. But the dreamer, however practical, must also bear in mind that his inventions and discoveries sting people, for in his enthusiasm he is rough enough towards others to attempt making them think. Impatiently he demands of others that they should think as he does, and think matters through as nicely as he does. People plainly will do neither, and if one seeks to compel them to do either of the two, they will feel irked enough to defend themselves with any weapon that comes handy, and there is no weapon more handy than ridicule. Ridicule, however, should not disconcert a

man who sponsors a practical idea. Surely, something worse than ridicule did not faze Columbus, nor Stephenson, nor Fulton, nor Morse, nor Bell, nor Wright; names which make up the stock in trade whenever there is talk about ridicule or worse as being heaped upon any dreamer of practical dreams.

But the turn in the tide of treatment as popularly given to the practical dreamer has not eliminated the paradox which implies that he is still considered to be an impractical visionary. This imputation cleaves to him as steadfastly today as it did in the days of Hammurabi. Like the dream in bed, so the dream of the practical dreamer will continue to be rated as "A child of the night, of indigestion bred."

Just Two

by

Robert Hoewel '36

Yon little white cottage on the shore
Has stood there many a year
'Mong oaks and pines, its lonely guards,
That never seem to fear.

On gladsome nights the stars shine bright
And the rippling waves go by;
The water reflects the dancing beams
Of the smiling moon on high.

A dear old couple, now man and wife
Well over fifty years,
Set out upon their evening stroll
Just as the dusk appears.

The world had given these gifts to them;
They loved such things in life,
Through decades five and more they lived
As happy man and wife.

Roland
by
Charles Froelich '36



Now sword met scimitar in clash

When I read of Roncesvalles
And its mighty deeds of deathless fame,
I find the proof
That man is made
Of more than clay
And well deserves
A guerdon of superior worth
Than that which death bestows upon renown.

Here Roland blew his ivory horn
In blasts that sound a thousand years;
I hear them now
Through centuries past,
And sense the pain
That burst the vein
Within the head so proudly raised
Above the shouts of traitorous Ganelon.

In enmity, the traitor tried
To cut in twain Sir Ronald's pride.
The heathen host
He knew was great;
The Christian host
In number few —
For treachery there was a chance,
And Ganelon would share a traitor's due.

ROLAND

Now sword met scimitar in clash;
The bloody battle raged in furious din —
"I pray thee, sound
Thy ivory horn —
The tide has turned,"
Cried Oliver.
But Roland wet with sweat and gore
Heard not the words, but only stormed the more.

Then as he saw strewn on the ground
Count Walter, Turpin, and Sir Oliver —
To call his liege,
Great Charlemagne,
He wound his horn
In mighty blasts
As shook the Pyreneean range
And made the earth re-echo calls for aid.

But darkness settles on his eyes;
He has no more to give than burning tears.
The Moor bears down
In bloody wrath,
And all is lost
For Roland's cause.
Yet time grants him a respite sweet
To shrive his sins and make his peace with God.

With arm as pillow for his head
He waits the end. Death is his bitter mead.
St. Michael comes,
One sent by God;
And Gabriel, too,
With cherubim.
These meet the charge God laid on them
And carry Roland's soul to Paradise.



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EDITORIALS



Knights of the Present

Long years ago, men went about the land clad in shining armor and mounted upon spirited steeds, seeking deeds of valor to perform. Those old knights were real men, always ready to defend the poor and the weak against the wealthy and the powerful. They made it their business to establish and uphold a code of honor, to stick to that code in spite of heavy odds which at times opposed them.

This age, known as the age of chivalry, has vanished in the smoke of oblivion, together with the men who were its heroes. The successors of these heroes at present are the knights of the pen and the dollar. Do these modern knights match up to the standards of bygone ages? The knights of the pen, surely enough, do a lot of jousting, but much of it is evidently done with their eyes blindfolded. Seldom, if ever, do they impart a telling blow upon the arrant knaves who wrongfully aspire to pen-knighthood. These knaves, who steal the opinions of the people by their propaganda-mad scribblings, should be hit, and

hit hard, by the more worthy knights of the pen. But somehow they are overlooked, with the result that their number is ever increasing, to the great intellectual harm of the people in general. Who in all this world can get a well-defined opinion on anything, as long as arrant knaves will be permitted to go unhampered in producing the dizzy literature of rot and confusion? Something drastic can and ought to be done. The time has arrived for action. Honorable knights of the pen, polish your spears and blades!

The knights of the dollar have long ago been branded as unworthy of the duties that belong to them. From high circles on downward, they have been termed lazy — too lazy to use their wealth for the public good. When a great number of lazy people have a lot of lazy money, then panics, hard times, depressions, together with all that goes with them, make their appearance. Who will cause these knights of the dollar to bestir themselves? Younger people want action in this regard. If the dollar knights will let their armor rust, then their keeps ought to be opened by some strong

arm, even though the owner of that arm were nothing more than a Don Quixote.

Both the knights of the pen and the knights of the dollar might well hearken back to the ages of chivalry, and learn what a code of honor means. Then, having adopted a code of honor for the sake of public welfare, they should stick to that code, come what may.

G.C.M.



A Plea for the Truth

Hardly anything is scoffed at more or is ridiculed more than the truth. The business of coming down squarely to "brass tacks" in the affairs of life has most frequently been the object of real "mud hurling" contests. To say that it hurts to speak the truth is in itself a bit of "mud hurling," though the hurling in this case is done somewhat apologetically. The fact is that the truth hurts no one. It has never been said that truth will increase as time goes on, but it has been said that untruth will eventually grow into an avalanche that will crush those who are responsible for it.

It has often been asserted that the

untruth is a handy means to avoid catastrophies in matters of government, of social life, and of private life. But the grim pages of history show that the avalanche of catastrophies has unerringly followed in the path of the untruth in these three human interests. Disturbances would have been fewer and smaller in any department of life, had the untruth never been relied upon for help. Probably, too, there would be more immortals in the world's catalog of greatness if the truth had received more respect when important matters required adjustment.

Surely, mature-minded people realize that the truth is part of the respect and character training which they owe to the younger generation. How this obligation is met with is too evident from books, papers, magazines, and tabloids that are cast out as bait for the young to strike at. A little more consideration for the welfare of the men of tomorrow is in order when it comes to truth and untruth, quite as well as it is in order when there is question of the public good. May the truth, which never hurts, find increasing respect. Such is most certainly the ardent hope of the younger generation of today.

H.G.





EXCHANGES



The field of college journalism is speedily increasing and improving. The numerous periodicals on our desk give evidence of this. When these noteworthy journals come to us, it is only natural that our hearts are filled with joy and anticipation.

These college publications impart messages of life. Though these messages come from the pens of immature minds, they nevertheless have weight, for they furnish an outlet for the thoughts, feelings, and emotions of our future men and women. Youth must express itself, and in what better manner than through the respective college journals?

At their desk the editors are greeted first by the *Duquesne Monthly*. A thorough look through the magazine discloses many articles of an interesting nature. Among them are: "Destiny Unknown," an essay on the fancy of fate; "Interlude," a story on cowardice; and "Two of a Kind," a story of midsummer romance. All these articles embody human interest and appeal.

One of the most important features of a college journal, however, is lacking. *The Duquesne Monthly* contains no poetry. Poems are thoughts, feelings and emotions expressed in beautiful language. A poem interspersed amidst its pages would readily improve the literary quality of this magazine.

The Duquesne Monthly shows individualism in its novel column entitled "Guest of Honor." Although this is not representative work of the school, it nevertheless gives the best in literature an opportunity to reach a larger public.

St. Vincent's College Journal from Latrobe, Pennsylvania, causes a smile to brighten the face of the reader. Its pages contain articles written in the flashy, clean-cut newspaper style, a style that immediately catches the eye.

Every article has its commendable qualities, but there is always a 'best' even among the good. The best prose composition is "Aunt Cynthia's Keepsake." Maxine and Jerry, the young married couple, have a hard time making things go. Good Aunt Cynthia comes to the rescue and the story ends in the usual fashion. In this short story the author clearly portrays Aunt Cynthia and Maxine. They stand out; they are clear; they are real.

The *St. Vincent's College Journal* should find a vast number of readers, for it is the type of college paper that breathes vitality, vim, and vigor. It is an amateur newspaper in which all subjects interesting to the college student are contained.

The Collegian (St. Mary's College, California) contains in its pages the requisites of a good college journal. *The Collegian* should consider itself fortunate

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

in having so prominent a critic as Brother Leo as a contributor. The column "Outlooks and Insights" is above our criticism.

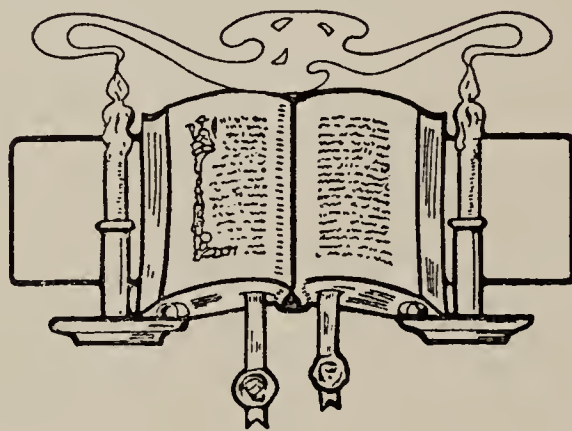
The campus and local news in *The Collegian* are written with such push and dash that they are highly enjoyable to all. *The Collegian* should be taken as an example by other college publications.

The exchange editors also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Scriptorium* (St. Scho-

lastica College); *The Pacific Star* (Mount Angel College); *The Tower* (St. Lawrence College); *The Exponent* (University of Dayton); *Xaverian News* (St. Xavier College); *The Ritan* (St. Rita High School); *The Broadcaster* (Kohn High School); *The Mirror* (Reitz High School); *Calvert News* (Calvert High School).

R. J. T. '36

N. F. D. '36





GREEN RUSHES

By Maurice Walsh

Just mention the author, and *Green Rushes* will be the most popular book in the library. This conclusion is drawn from the enviable commendation on previous publications by the same author. Like these previous publications, *Green Rushes* is a romantic novel with the rolling moors and placid lochs of Scotland and Ireland as the setting. "All the characters in this book are fictional," says the author in the preface, but one would never reach such a conclusion from reading the book, for the characters are so perfectly limned that they remain in the mind not as the vague, shapeless beings of a cheap novel, but as the definite, clean-cut persons of a literary work.

Green Rushes comprises five short romantic episodes, connected by the fact that the heroes are all soldier pals in the Black and Tan War. In the first tale Owen Jordan tells his own adventure in love and its outcome. Then Archibald Mac Donald tells the story of Sean Glynn, his love affairs and finally his marriage. This is followed by the story of Paddy Bawn Enright's success in love, after a pugilistic engagement with his wife's brother. The fourth episode terminates with two couples happily wed. The last narrative has Major Mac Donald as the groom, arm in arm with Nuala

Kierley, a character introduced very vaguely in the first tale as a traitor. However, in the last narrative she proves her worth, and after several fascinating incidents, acknowledges her love.

Green Rushes is evidently the spontaneous overflow of thought from a mind well rooted in the ways of human character. Many wise and true statements are put on the lips of the characters, while their actions at the same time coincide with human nature. To exemplify: "A woman never loses her soul, and a man does; and a woman sometimes — very rarely — saves a man's soul, and always helps him to lose it." Or again: "Though he was a churchgoer by habit, the true god of that man was Money — red gold, shining silver, dull copper, these the trinity he worshipped in degree."

The fact that a book contains an interesting narrative, is full of adventure, and true to life, alone does not qualify it as literature; the expression must also be artistic. Both these qualities are cleverly combined in *Green Rushes*. The plot is interesting, the characters are alive, the setting is inspiring. These qualities, combined with a vehicle of expression that is also highly commendatory, make the book a work of art. Novel sayings, phrases, and rhetoric in general, are extremely common, and the keen originality is conspicuous and delightful. A notice-

able novelty is the position of the participle in the sentence: "Sean Glynn had drink taken too." There are also many admirable comparisons such as "Paddy Bawn was proud as sin of her," or "Not a dumb hostility but one that had to be as vocal as steel blade meeting steel blade in thrust and parry." It is this keen originality that makes Maurice Walsh an interesting writer.

Time may blot out from my cherished memories the plot of *Green Rushes*; it may steal from my padlocked case of reminiscences the very names of those lovable characters; but I have hidden in the choicest atom of my mind, where time is forbidden to trespass, a thought that is sweet to recall. It is the theme of *Green Rushes*:

"I will spread green rushes under her feet that she may step softly."

E. G. '37

BOLD BLADES OF DONEGAL

By Seumas MacManus

"For rare innocence, you wouldn't meet their match atween the Cove O'Cork and the Causeways of mighty Ireland... From the soles of their feet to the crown o' their heads 'Twas goold they were." These are fit epithets for the "Knights of the Red Branch," led by the three heroes of Seumas MacManus' novel of Ireland's happy and prosperous days. Mischievous but exciting recollections of boyhood seem to have stimulated the author's mind with such an overwhelming sense of longing that his pen, giving vent to his feelings, smoothly portrays for us, in a style of rare fluency, enchanting and fairylike tales of youth as it was in Christian Ireland toward the end of the nineteenth century.

In the small Irish county of Donegal the "bold blades" that the title speaks of were better known as Dinny O'Friel (the author), Toal a'Gallager, the Vagabone, and Maicin Mor, a big, loose, awkward slob of a fellow. Cleverly and completely, the characters of these three ten-year old lads are delineated so that each one protrudes from the novel as a singular figure, distinct in and distinguished by his own personal characteristics. Imaginative, idealistic, scholarly; that was Dinny O'Friel. The Vagabone, although raised by well-meaning parents, furnished the deviltry, but was, however, the leader, the "brains" of the rest of the "knights." Maicin Mor, the third member of the group, was the pampered son of a beggar woman. Ox-like was his strength. When the occasion called for man power it was the Maicin, tagging along like a stray dog at the side of the other two lads, who was called upon to render his services.

The desire that everyone has for variety and appeal is satisfied not only in the author's unique style but also in his remarkable ability in placing into the mouths of his characters tales of chivalrous and warlike soldiers who courageously fought for Ireland's freedom from the hands of despotic England. These knightly episodes so took the fancy of the three boys that all resolved to form a society which would have for its main purpose the enactment of all the ancient battles of Ireland, with careful consideration that the Irish would always be on the victorious side. The resolution terminated in the forming of the "Knights of the Red Branch." The realization of these dreams and resolutions was harbored in many a "war," fought at a risk,

BOOK SHELF

either in a neighbor's sheep pasture or, in case the battle was a very important one, in the poor farmer's barn.

A high-sounding keynote of happiness rings throughout the entire novel. With striking examples, hospitality for the wayfarer is shown to be the code in every home. Picturesque portrayal of the murmuring bars and the grassy hills brings to one's mind a sense of serene beauty that must have been ancient Ireland's. Alive and vivid descriptions depict all these qualities during the course of every chapter. For a better command of language, for the ability inspiring to relate stories with impelling descriptions, *Bold Blades of Donegal* is the book to read.

Looking at the book from a personal point of view, the reader might be inclined to submit a little unfavorable criticism. In the perusal of a novel he correctly expects a definite coherence among the various chapters. In *Bold Blades of Donegal* this coherence is lacking in several places during the course of the plot. Each chapter seems to be in many cases a separate story in itself. This may be permissible in certain types of novels, but it hardly seems to achieve its purpose in *Bold Blades of Donegal*. Also at times the plot becomes so puerile that many a reader may quite naturally size the book up as a childish one, and thenceforth refrain from lauding and recommending it as a good novel to others.

As a book full of life and boyish fun, however, a better Irish novel has not been written. Every patriotic Irishman should be ashamed to say he has not read it; anyone else should consider it a pleasant joy he has yet to receive.

Robert Gaertner, '37

DARK ANGEL — a Movie

The *Dark Angel* centers around the World War, during which two gallant English officers and their mutual sweetheart are caught in the eternal triangular love-affair. After being refused a short leave, the one officer becomes lost. He is finally found, but his eyes no longer see the light. With a breaking heart he falsely denies his love for the girl of his choice so as to let her free to marry his brother. With true brotherly love, however, this brother cunningly discloses the hero's blindness and leaves the two happily in each other's arms, with the dark angel covering the unseeing eyes of her lover with loving kisses.

Three distinguished actors, Merle Oberon, Frederic March, and Herbert Marshall, join hearts in this drama, — a drama that throbs with tender beauty, love and sacrifice. In doing so they give the finest performance of their careers. Alone, they are superb; together, they enact a story, the poignant beauty of which will linger long in your memory.

Reel after reel of this picture pulsates with life, reality, pity, love and beauty, yet the underlying current is affliction and tears. During the filming of this play Merle Oberon is said to have wept so often that she finally fainted from the nervous strain. Such too is the reaction of the average movie-goer; the eyes of every person will be moist with tears for Merle Oberon and Frederic March who are so unfairly held apart by the love that should have held them together.

The authors and directors handle the triangle cleverly. The entire story shows how this romantic love of three people plays one against the other as chessmen on the chessboard of life. As so often

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

in life, suspense wields a mighty sceptre in this drama: at times the audience itself is so carried away by this suspense as to wish to assist Frederic March and Merle Oberon to straighten out their romance. When Miss Oberon is thrown from her horse so near the unseeing Mr. March who walks away, one can barely refrain from crying out and telling her to run to him and openly proclaim her love. Such scenes are so real and captivating that one finds oneself living and fighting along with the characters. The

happy ending saves the picture from being drastic tragedy.

The directors really enhanced the original story by their clever and conscientious work. One flaw, however, is obvious. The actors wear modern day clothing rather than the garments of World War days. In conclusion, the *Dark Angel* is a living example that cinemas can be clean, vital, entertaining, and at the same time financially remunerative.

Richard Trame, '36



ALUMNI

Amid much rejoicing the students and faculty set aside October twenty-fourth in honor of the Reverend Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S., '05, professor and procurator of St. Joseph's. The occasion was the silver anniversary of his ordination and First Solemn Mass. Because a more detailed account of the festivities appears elsewhere, we shall confine ourselves to a recognition of the part the Alumni played on this occasion.

Prominent Alumni present were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice O'Connor, '05, Rector of St. Joan of Arc Parish, Indianapolis, a classmate of the jubilarian, and Mr. Bryan Dolan, who as President of the Alumni Association, came as its official representative. The latter's congratulatory message breathed the general happiness of all the Alumni at the good fortune of the jubilarian in passing his twenty-fifth milestone, and assured Father Scheidler that all the Alumni had him uppermost in their prayerful minds on that day.

That the Alumni did thus have Father Scheidler in mind was shown from the number of telegrams of congratulation which he received. There was one from Mr. J. Henry Hipkind, Secretary of the Alumni Association; one from Mr. Leo T. Beck, President of the Akron Chapter; still another from Mr. John Tokarz, President of the Calumet District Chap-

ter. All of these messages and others which came from individuals were warm with good will and felicitations.

The list of Alumni clergymen who were present is long; we counted at least forty at the luncheon which was served. Some were school and collegemates; others, students whom Father Scheidler has guided and directed in class. Laymen, too, honored the jubilarian by attending his celebration. Although their list was not so extensive as that of the clergymen, the laymen who came made it evident that they honored Father Scheidler as a man who helped them generously when they were at St. Joseph's as students.

We who are now students agree with them. And since we do, we join with them, with all the Alumni, and with the many friends of Father Scheidler, join in wishing him a hearty and resounding "Ad Multos Annos!"

●

Welcome was the visit a few weeks ago of Mr. John Hart, '22, with his wife and family. We are sure that Mr. Hart and family found much to enjoy while at St. Joseph's and we hope that they will visit us again in the near future. Mr. Hart is engaged in selling Chevrolet automobiles. Good Luck, Mr. Hart.

●

Last month Mr. Bernard Lear, '19, of Park Ridge, Illinois, with his wife and

children, paid us a visit. Mr. Lear is still president and general manager of the Florist's Credit Association of Chicago. We hope that the success which has tagged him thus far will continue.

While installing new apparatus for our experimental laboratories, Louis Nagelsen, '09, found time to chat enjoyably with some of his old schoolmates who are at present on the college faculty. No doubt many a dear old memory was relived in those tete-a-tetes. Lou will be immediately remembered as the soft-toned baseball catcher, a goat-getter, the umpire-baiter at the Varsity-Alumni game on Homecoming Days.

Recently we received an encouraging letter from Fr. Ildephonse Rapp, 1900, who congratulated the COLLEGIAN Staff of 1934 - 35 upon bagging for the fourth time "First Class Honor Rating." He writes: "Remember, we who stand on the sidelines shout 'Hurrah' for the COLLEGIAN and St. Joe." Father Rapp, who was professor here for thirty years, is now chaplain at the Notre Dame Convent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Many

thanks, Father, for your heartening missive.

Word has just come that William Hartlage, Allard Saffer, James Quinn, John Elder, and Vetter Biven, all of the class of '35 are now thoroughly at home at St. Meinrad's. They state in their letter that the older Alumni who are studying there did everything possible to make their seminary life pleasant. That's keeping up the spirit of St. Joseph's.

The COLLEGIAN office, in the midst of the hum of busy typewriters and secret confabs of the staff, was suddenly but agreeably disturbed by the breezy visit of Mr. John Cashman, '34, on October 26. He told us in good faith that he was pleased with the many innovations recently inaugurated at St. Joseph's. Jack is at present employed in the Kiley Brewing Company, of Marion, Indiana, where he is surely doing well, for he has been the recipient of several promotions during the time he has been there. We knew that as a St. Joe man you would make good, Jack, so keep it up. We're with you.

A. D. '36

J. H. '36





IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Sweet partings can be so sad and yet so glad. A paradox no doubt, yet this

was the situation when

God Speed, our friend and study-Father Uecker hall Prefect, the Rev.

Francis Uecker, bade us farewell to return to St. Charles Seminary. Father Francis had won a warm place in the hearts of all students; in the hearts of the seniors that place was sacred and tenderly nurtured. He was the bright spot in our studyhall, an understanding friend when things went wrong, a pal in all our activities. That is why his parting was a loss to us.

But we were happy to see him go, because it meant so much to him, for the goal for which he has patiently worked these many years is at last about to be reached. Soon that life-long dream will be realized! God speed, Father Uecker! And may these days of anticipation be filled with preludial joys of the happiness of your approaching ordination.



That old slogan "Say it with Flowers" received application a short time ago

when Mr. Herman J.

Thank You! Yager, prominent furni-

Mr. Yager ture dealer of Decatur, Indiana, presented St.

Joseph's with two very valuable plants. To us the plants, a cactus and a century plant, are valuable both intrinsically and historically: intrinsically, because they

are such worth while additions to our botanical gardens; historically, because of their origin. They were at one time in the Vatican gardens.

In 1897 Mr. Yager, while traveling abroad, received these plants from Pope Leo XIII through the instrumentality of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. De Walla and the Reverend John Farley. Mere shoots then, they have in the thirty-eight years that have passed, developed under the careful husbanding of Mr. Yager into giants of beauty and hardiness.



'Twas the morning of October 6. In the sacred abode of the seniors a thoughtful silence prevailed.

Seniors Elect For there a task most
Pilots serious, an undertaking most vital, engaged the

momentous deliberation of the contemplative seniors. So imperative was the demand that a person of superior character conduct the assignment, that our Very Reverend Rector presided at the occasion. That occasion shall go down in local history as important as the signing of the Declaration of Independence is in American History, for on that day the Class of '36 elected the men who will pilot her through her senior year.

Tense and dramatic was the situation as are all such eminent events. So many men to choose from, each one capable of shouldering the many responsibilities, yet

only two to elect. Fully realizing the tediousness and seriousness of the election, the seniors, ever willing and able to face the circumstances, appointed to the estimable offices two men fully competent and possessing extraordinary qualities for leadership.

The honor of presidency was bestowed on Donald A. Muldoon, in whom the seniors take great pride and place all confidence as the man very suitable to guide the destiny of their final year at St. Joseph's. A man parallel in honor and equally able to set pace with his innumerable duties, was the man chosen to the office of Secretary-Treasurer, Lawrence E. Mertes.

To you, entrusted ones, we offer congratulations. To you we wish the best of luck. May your term be happy; and with your guidance, may the Class of '36 prosper and reap the joys of a successful final school year.



In The Service Of The King

"He did it well!"

Such simple words,

What praise they bring!

"He did it well,"

The angels wrote,

"Serving his King."

"He did it well."

(The Good King smiles.)

The angels sing,

"He did it well,

Through many years,

Serving his King."

"I have known only one other day in my whole life that has afforded me as much happiness. That was the day of my ordination, and today I am just as happy."

No one else could have said these words with more sincerity, more feeling, more joy than did Father Albin Scheidler on the day of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood; a day filled with more merriment than that blessed anniversary day of October 24 is unknown to Collegeville. And Collegeville has seen many a pompous day.

The day, blameless in its fresh fall garb, was completely in harmony with the spirit of the occasion. "Congratulations, Father," and "God bless you" came from the lips of all the friends and alumni. Here to express the good wishes of the city of Rensselaer were the Hon. Mayor, George Hopkins, and the Hon. Judge Mose Leopold. But Father Albin beamed with pure joy as, from out the throng of well-wishers, he heard "God bless you,—son!" These words came from his proud Mother and Dad, sharing their son's happiness. Four years ago they had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, but this day was the "diamond" of their lives. Father Albin's seven brothers and two sisters were also present to add to the joys of his celebration.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Reverend Jubilarian offered up a Solemn High Mass in thanksgiving to his King. There, at the same altar stood the jubilarian's brother, the Rev. George Scheidler, assisting at the Mass as deacon. Acting as sub-deacon was a distant relative, Rev. Leo Pursley. Co-members on the faculty, the Fathers Maurice Ehleringer, Cyrille Knue, and Edward Roof, presided as masters of ceremonies.

To the delight of the Jubilarian, and to the pleasure of the congregation in general, the Rev. George Moorman, pas-

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

tor of the Sacred Heart Church of Whiting Ind., delivered a most interesting address relative to the biography of Father Albin. The two had been intimate friends since childhood, having grown up together, shared the same joys of school days, gotten in and out of mischief together, and each having reached the same holy goal.

At noon the relatives and friends of the jubilarian assembled in a modestly decorated refectory to partake of the banquet prepared for the occasion. Father Scheidler, however, requested that the usual after-dinner speeches be left out, so that he could have some time to spend with "his boys."

That afternoon, two classes of the College department thrashed out their traditional rivalry on the gridiron, much to the enjoyment of Father Scheidler's guests. With the arrival of evening, however, came the most enjoyable episode of the entire day.

In Alumni Hall the students gathered to express their felicitations by rendering a program very much appreciated by all, especially by the Reverend Jubilarian. Music suitable to the occasion was provided by the orchestra, featuring three

soloists. On the stage, the choir presented an inspiring spectacle, grouped about an altar and singing Aiblinger's beautiful "Jubilate Deo."

In order to bring in a little of the comedy element, a one-act play was presented. Following this came a congratulatory speech by Donald Muldoon, representing the entire student body. The Reverend Jubilarian was presented with a spiritual bouquet and a beautiful arm-chair as tokens of friendship and esteem on the part of the students.

With tears of joy and happiness in his eyes, Father Scheidler accepted the gifts. "I am very happy," he said, "that I am able to celebrate my silver jubilee with my boys. My thoughts throughout the day have always been of my boys." In gratitude toward his reverend colleagues, Father Scheidler said, "The priests of the Community have always been very cooperative with me, giving me utmost pleasure in my work."

Not to be outdone by the rest, the COLLEGIAN staff wishes to express its congratulations and felicitations also. Good work, Father; here's wishing you many more happy years in the service of your King.

T. D., '36





THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The auditorium is hushed in silence. The final strains of "Naila," masterly interpreted by the college orchestra under the direction of Professor Paul Tonner, are fading away. The lights grow dim; the curtain slowly rises — Collegeville's theatrical season is under way! The date is October 11; the occasion, the inaugural program annually presented by the Columbian Literary Society in commemoration of Columbus day.

Alvin Burns, Vice-President of the society, in his accustomed dramatic style, opens the program with well-chosen words emphasizing the fundamental necessity of dramatic societies in school life. Concluding, he introduces the President of the society, Donald Muldoon.

"Destroying the Wooden Horse," a speech in which the insidious methods employed by the secular press in attacking Catholicism is compared to the duplicity of the ingenious Greeks in capturing the city of Troy through the instrumentality of the famed wooden horse, is the text of the President's address.

In much lighter vein is the next feature of the program, a skit entitled "Crazy Stuff," enacted by Albert Van

Nevel and Rosario Glorioso. As indicated by the title, the skit is of the laugh provoking type, and none of its intrinsic humor is lost in the unique portrayal of the "Wop" by Glorioso, himself of Italian extraction, and of the slightly demented "city slicker" by Albert Van Nevel.

The concluding feature on the evening's entertainment is a one act play: "The Pastry Baker," written by Lope De Vega, the tercentenary of whose death the literary world is this year commemorating. The play is replete with laughs; these to some extent compensate for its lack of dramatic content. The story is concerned with a miserly doctor, his two undernourished servants, Juan and Lorenzo, a pastry baker, and an officer. As the play begins the doctor is seen frantically calling for his two servants. When finally they arrive the doctor administers a beating for their indolence, and announces that he must leave in answer to a sick call. Juan and Lorenzo, left to themselves, proceed to discuss methods whereby they may obtain food "to keep the breath in their bodies." Lorenzo suggests that Juan impersonate the absent doctor, and extract fees from patients

SPOT LIGHT

who come. This is no sooner agreed upon than in walks their first victim, Ignazio, the pastry baker, seeking a cure for a bad case of indigestion brought about by extensive indulgence in his own pastries. As Juan and Lorenzo are pretending to diagnose the case they consume the entire batch of pies which Ignazio brought with him. The pastry baker, expressing his wrath at being thus cheated of his delicacies, departs. Before Juan has an opportunity to remove the doctor's garment, his master returns, and is almost immediately followed by the pastry baker, accompanied by an officer. The doctor demands an explanation of the whole affair, and Juan hastens to comply with his request. He informs his listeners that a murder had been perpetrated soon after the doctor's departure and that he had donned the doctor's outfit as he attempted to help the victim. He further states that the victim is at this moment just outside the house, whither the excited listeners go to view the body. Ignazio, in the excitement, leaves his basket of pastries behind, and as the two servants enjoy another repast, Juan explains to Lorenzo that the victim of the murder is nothing more than a tomcat. In the final scene Ignazio re-enters the house and, upon seeing the empty basket, vows vengeance upon the two hoaxers.

Laboring under a very mediocre plot, the cast did very well in portraying the various characters. Joseph Smolar as the doctor, Francis McCarthy as Lorenzo, J. Ward Penny as Juan, Earl Foos as Ignazio, and Fred Steininger as the officer, each showed that he possessed dramatic ability; it is hoped that they will be given an opportunity to display their

talent more advantageously in a play which admits of dramatic interpretation.



NEWMAN CLUB

To make this year's Newman Club the best in Collegeville's social annals seems to be the praiseworthy aim of this junior literary organization. The keynote to this effect was sounded by the enthusiastic inaugural addresses of the various officers, who stressed the necessity of cooperation and diligent effort. Realizing that the road over which they must travel in their pursuit of oratorical and dramatic perfection is in no way an easy one, the Newmanites have sedulously entered upon their work. Their manifest determination is indicative of success.

Their bi-weekly meetings and private programs are conducted so that their literary inclinations may be nurtured and that they may acquire that self-confidence which is a primary requisite in public speaking.

Although somewhat distant, the Newmanites are anxiously awaiting the selection of the cast which will comprise their first public program the latter part of December. Nor do they stand alone in this field of anxiety, for the entire studentbody is equally anxious to see what material the Newman Club contains.



RALEIGH CLUB

On Sunday, October 13, the ancient belief that the number "13," regardless of the manner in which it appears, is one of portentous significance and conducive only to misfortune was substantiated beyond doubt at the expense of the aspirants for membership in the Raleigh Smoking Club. For on the evening of that memorable day the tradi-

tional initiation took place. After two weeks of rather mild probation the new members arrived at the final and most momentous stage of their serfdom. With solemnity befitting such an occasion the initiating committee proceeded to carry out the orders of the ritual to the letter.

For approximately two hours the blindfolded "rookies" were subjected to such treatment as the old members saw fit to administer. Not the least bit of partiality was shown, and consequently each and every new member was forced to prove that he was of the caliber that is requisite of a real Raleigh member. Since initiations are by their very nature occult, it would not be appropriate to reveal the details of that memorable event, but to those who will be initiated in future years it may be said that the supreme thrill of Collegeville life awaits them.

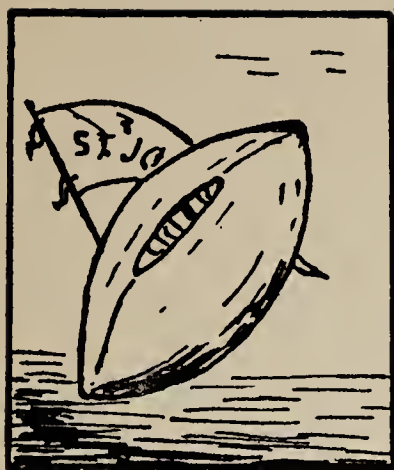
The silver lining of the cloud of initiation appeared when President Roman Anderson announced that the initiation

was over. With a thankful sigh the former "rookies" removed their blindfolds, glanced about to see what havoc the initiation had wrought, laughed good-naturedly as they surveyed the appearance of their almost unrecognizable brethren, and then received the congratulations of the old members for the marvelous way in which they had withstood the test. Welcome cigars were then distributed, and in a spirit of good fellowship the entire assembly joined in singing the Raleigh Club Song.

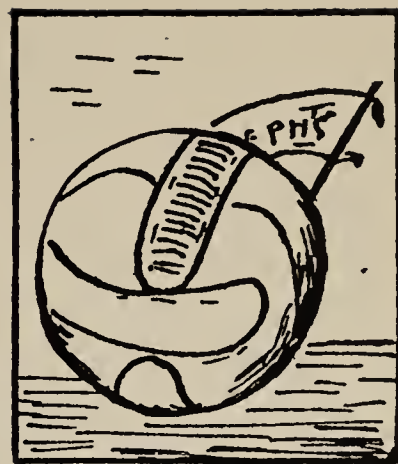
The initiated and the initiating committee are deserving of much praise; the former, for the excellent attitude they maintained throughout their days of probation; the latter, for the methodical way in which the various meetings were conducted.

The "Spotlight" feels that it is affairs of this kind which add spice to the otherwise drab monotony of college life, which make our social contacts more intimate and strengthen the bonds of friendship that time will not sever.





SPORTS



St. Joe Loses First Game Away 13 - 0 Cards Launch Aerial Attack in Vain

A greatly improved Cardinal team, launching a daring aerial attack in an attempt to avenge last year's narrow defeat, lost its second game of the season to Elmhurst's undefeated and most powerful team in years.

This game was a bitter defeat for St. Joe who had a number of chances to break into the scoring column but lacked the punch at the opportune moments. Once they were within one yard of the enemy's goal only to lose the ball on downs; another time on the four yard line they lost the ball on a fumble.

In spite of the score's showing, statistics prove that the Cards outplayed Elmhurst; St. Joe hung up twelve first downs to Elmhurst's eleven, and completed nine out of twenty-one passes while the opponents completed three out of nine tried.

The Cards opened the game with a powerful assault. Smolar returned the opening kickoff to the twenty-seven yard line. On the first play Steininger dashed off left tackle for eight yards; six yards added by Johnson's run around end gave St. Joe its first down of the game. Hatton followed with a second first down, cover-

ing twelve yards on a lateral from Johnson. Elmhurst, completely baffled, called time out. After the intermission they held St. Joe for downs. Hatton punted a high spiral down to Elmhurst's ten yard line where the receiver was tackled by Weaver and O'Keefe.

Here began a kicking duel, St. Joe gaining on the exchanges. Late in the first quarter Elmhurst advanced through three first downs to make their initial touchdown. Immediately afterward St. Joe marched from their own thirty-two yard line to Elmhurst's thirty yard line, and would have scored but a lateral from Hatton to O'Riley was called back because of a penalty.

In the second quarter the powerful defence work of "Ossie" Foos, acting captain, Dreiling, Jones and Weaver held the Elmhurst attack in check. The second period passed without either team threatening to score.

Good ground gaining by Scharf with Bubala and Hatton blocking put St. Joe in a position to score early in the third quarter, but again dame fortune refused to smile on the efforts of the Cardinals. Elmhurst recovered a St. Joe fumble on

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

the four yard line. Seemingly shocked by the tough breaks, the Cards toward the end of the quarter permitted the blue and white to cross the goal for a second time.

However, in the last period, in spite of two touchdowns chalked up against them, that ever fighting Cardinal team came back with another vicious attack in an attempt to score. Receiving the ball on their own twelve yard line, they marched down the field, flinging passes with the best results, until they reached the one yard line. But here again their efforts were in vain. The Cards lost the ball on downs, and Elmhurst kicked the ball out of danger. The game ended with St. Joe still fighting to score.

Lineup		
Elmhurst		St. Joseph
Lueschke	L. E.	Weaver
Jepsen	L. T.	Jones
Banas	L. G.	Foos (C)
Vanderkeef	C.	Glorioso
Meskin	R. G.	Dreiling
Vertovek	R. T.	Badke
Young	R. E.	O'Keefe
Baumrucker (C)	Q. B.	Smolar
Strobel	L. H.	Johnson
Robbins	R. H.	Steininger
Nienstead	F. B.	Hatton

Substitutions:

St. Joe: Penny, O'Riley, Scharf, Westhoven, Gaffney, Bonifas, Bubala.
Elmhurst: Vernon, Schulndt, Muscan, Heisner.
Officials: Paxton (Chicago), Hammer (Wisconsin).

Central Normal Rallies to Nose out Cards 19 - 6

St. Joe Leads Throughout First Half

A gala garbed homecoming crowd, largest that has attended a St. Joe football game this season, was thrilled by the sensational play of two evenly matched teams in a game punctuated by brilliant running and punting under perfect playing conditions. St. Joe, a team who excelled in every department of the game except the scoring column, drew first blood before the spectators had scarcely settled into their seats after the kickoff. On a series of short gains Johnson, Steininger, and Hatton with perfect abandon advanced the ball almost the entire length of the field. Superb blocking coupled with driving smashes enabled them to score very early in the first

quarter on a lateral pass from Johnson to Hatton.
This early score portended a dismal homecoming for the purple warriors of Central Normal, and throughout the first quarter they were decidedly on the defensive, depending on long punts to keep a spirited Cardinal wave from sweeping across their goal. Scharf who replaced Johnson late in the first period led St. Joe in a drive for a touchdown, but Central Normal, deep in its own territory, intercepted a St. Joe pass to stop the onslaught.
A succession of punts lasted through practically the entire second quarter with St. Joe gaining consistently on the ex-

SPORTS

changes. Steininger did much during this period to keep Central Normal backs rocking on their heels. Scharf's long spiral punts kept the opponents from making any serious bids for a touchdown. The half time gun caught the ball far back on Central Normal's twenty-five yard stripe.

A penalty figured tremendously in the downstaters' first touchdown. St. Joe, in the shadow of its own goal posts, had repelled three Normal assaults, but a penalty on the fourth down gave the home team a much needed goal. The score remained a deadlock till the last quarter of the fray. St. Joe, seemingly exhausted by their mighty bids for victory, were a bit bewildered as the purple and white, playing above their usual form, clinched the struggle in a late game rally. Despite the score, statistics show that Coach De Cook's lads played a superior brand of ball.

Statistics		
St. Joe		Central Normal
8	First Downs	7
390	Total Yardage	268
14	Passes Attempted	3
5	Passes Completed	1

0	Passes Intercepted	3
36 yds.	Average Punts	34 yds.
20 yds.	Penalties	65 yds.

Lineup		
St. Joe		Central Normal
Weaver	L. E.	Rouderbush
Jones	L. T.	Martin
Foos	L. G.	Smith
Glorioso	C.	Franklin
Dreiling	R. G.	Morris
Badke	R. T.	Lattimer
O'Keefe	R. E.	Fisher
O'Riley	Q. B.	Henderyx
Johnson	L. H.	Williams
Steininger	R. H.	Gullion
Hatton	F. B.	Albright

Substitutions:
St. Joe: Scharf, Kosalko, Penny, Gaffney, Bonifas, Moore, Petit, Smolar.
Central Normal: Miller, Wallace, Isenbloter, Pike, Lynch, Ballard, Urmston, Laramore, Patchett.
Officials: Referee—Skinner, Indianapolis.
Umpire—Clark, Indianapolis.
Head Linesman—Floyde, St. Paul.

St. Joe Swamps Rose Poly 24 - 6
Captain Gaffney Scores Twice for Saints

Displaying a dazzling array of finely executed plays and an unprecedented will to win, the "Saints" romped through to victory over a much publicized Rose Poly eleven. Gaffney brought the homecoming crowd to its feet early in the first quarter when he snagged a beautiful pass from Scharf to score the first counter for the Cards. Realizing that their line plays

were choked by an inspired purple team, the redmen soon resorted to the air lanes and near the end of the period evened the score on two long passes to Campbell. Rose Poly took advantage of a Cardinal fumble in the second quarter to advance the ball within striking distance of the St. Joe goal. On the ten yard stripe, however, the purple clad wall

stopped their drive, and Gaffney broke through, blocked an attempted field goal and raced ninety yards for a touchdown. Badke, huge St. Joe tackle, figured prominently in this play by blocking a potential tackler on the very goal line. Victory was in the grasp of the jubilant Cards.

It was in the second half that St. Joe began to show the full extent of its power. Smooth running plays behind perfect interference, passes at opportune moments, long twisting punts featured the play of this portion of the encounter. Early in the second half Smolar, midget Cardinal quarterback, plunged over for the third touchdown after a sensational pass to Weaver and a wide lateral to Hatton had forwarded the oval to the Engineers' two yard stripe. Smolar's attempt at conversion failed. From this point St. Joe played a conservative game, relying on punts to keep Rose Poly deep in their own territory. Towards the end of the encounter, however, Johnson, St. Joe's classy ball toter, enjoying perfect interference, scooted over the Poly goal line to turn the Elephants' homecoming day battle into a massacre.

Statistics			
St. Joe		Rose Poly	
12	First Downs	8	
375	Total Yardage	422	
5	Passes Attempted	12	
3	Passes Completed	6	
35 yds.	Average Punts	28 yds.	
20 yds.	Penalties	1 yd.	

Lineup			
St. Joseph		Rose Poly	
Gaffney, (C)	L. E.	Laughlin	
Jones	L. T.	Montgomery	
Foos	L. G.	Cavanaugh	
Glorioso	C.	Fox	
Dreiling	R. G.	McCullough	
Badke	R. T.	Tait	
O'Keefe	R. E.	Wodicka	
O'Riley	Q. B.	Gormong	
Scharf	L. H.	Hufford, (C)	
Steininger	R. H.	Campbell	
Hatton	F. B.	Stanfield	

Substitutions: St. Joe — Smolar, Johnson, Kosalko, Henrikson, Moore, Bonifas, Penny.

Rose Poly: McKee, Hughes, Sears.

Officials: Russel — Referee: Hungate —

Umpire: Skinner — Head Linesman.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

Sixths Trounce Fourths, 13 - 0

To start the intramural football season Co-managers McCarthy and Zimmerman lead their experienced cohorts to victory over a determined but over anxious high school senior eleven. Ryan and Curosh played well for the losers.

Fifths Gain Belated Victory Over Thirds, 6 - 0

A second half rally gave a hard fought

battle to a heavy College Frosh team led by Couhig, after Rosser and his mates had staved off defeat for three quarters.

Seconds Nose Out Thirds, 7 - 6

The margin of victory for McNamara and the Seconds was a point after touchdown. Both teams scored in the first period, but the Seconds had enough power to gain the point after touchdown and win the championship of Junk Hall.

SPORTS

Sixths Roll Over Fifths, 21 - 0

The blue and gold of Seniors left a beaten and battered fifth year team in its wake as it rolled up a score of 21 - 0. Displaying a powerful line defense with Trame and Shank as its mainstays, and speedy offensive work by 'Bugs' Muresan, Hoevel, Froelich and Stack, the sixths easily defeated the college freshmen. 'Gus' Morrison, Dorsten and Weishaar played aggressive ball for the losers.

High School Seniors Rout Thirds, 13 - 0

Hinton and Moorman led a spirited Fourth year attack that outmaneuvered a stout hearted Third year squad. The Thirds, however, played consistent football behind the stellar performance of Krill and Cyr.





HUMOR



Real Estate Agent (deciding to be frank): "This house has one or two drawbacks. To the north is the gas works; to the south, a rubber factory; on the east, a vinegar plant; and on the west, a glue factory."

Prospective Buyer: "Good heavens! What a neighborhood."

Real Estate Agent: "Quite so, but the price is low, and you can always tell which way the wind is blowing."

Weaver: "Just as soon as the Coroner decides Smith died by accident Mrs. Smith will get \$10,000 insurance."

McCarthy: "Ah, prosperity is just around the coroner."

Henrikson, in his attempt to write a good four line poem, handed in the following verse.

A boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track
To let the train go past.

The teacher thought the verse was pretty well done, but mentioned that it lacked drama. "Try it again, she said, and make it more dramatic."

A boy was walking down the track,
The train was coming fast;
The train jumped off the railroad track
To let the boy go past.

Wife: "That butcher is giving us short weight for our money."

Husband: "Well, give him a long wait for his."

Moe: "Did your wife faint when she found you lost all your money in the stock market?"

Joe: "She didn't faint at all; she just soaked me with all she had."

Wasmer: "Gee, I'll bet savages would be awed if they saw flame leap from a cigarette lighter at a single touch."

Garrity: "So would a lot of cigarette owners."

Ryan: "There's only one way to make an honest living."

Hendricks: "Yea, what's that?"

Ryan: "I thought you wouldn't know."

Myrtle: "Really, you must go to Wasaga Beach for your holiday. I won a beauty contest there last year."

Martha: "I think I would rather go to a more crowded place."

Jones: "Do you think he is an honest statesman?"

Weyer: "Sure, I've known him to buy thousands of votes and pay for every one of them."

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Wed. Thurs. — Nov. 20 - 21

Jane Withers (The star of "Ginger")

in **"THIS IS THE LIFE"**

Sun. Mon. Tues. — Nov. 24 - 25 - 26

Clark Gable — Franchot Tone

Charles Laughton

in **"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"**

Wed. Thurs. — Nov. 27 - 28

Dick Powell

Ruby Keeler

— in —

"SHIPMATES FOREVER"

Sun. Mon. Tues. — Dec. 1 - 2 - 3

Will Rogers (in his last picture)

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"

Wed. Thurs. — Dec. 4 - 5

Lawrence Tibbett

Virginia Bruce

— in —

"METROPOLITAN"

Wife: "I think we should have a new car."

Husband: "I'm perfectly satisfied with the old one."

Wife: "Fine. Then I can have the new one."

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Shank: "All right."

Gzybowski: "Feel anything?"

Shank: "Nope."

Gzybowski: "Well, don't grab the other two. They've got 20,000 volts."

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Alt: "Mother, I want to ask you something."

Mother: "Yes, what is it, John?"

Alt: "When a lightning bug lightnings, why doesn't it thunder?"



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Clerk: "Well, look how wages and the cost of material have gone up."

Gaffney: "Darling, why in the world did you make such a big pie?"

Mrs. Gaffney (newlywed): "I'm sorry dear, but I couldn't find any shorter rhubarb anywhere."

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